


Please Help the Blind

 Please buy a hymn from a blind man,
who was made so by brain fever, and is
thrown upon his own resources for a living.

“Him that cometh unto Me I will no
wise cast out.”

THE HAVEN OF REST.

My soul, in sad exile, was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin and distress,
Till I heard a voice saying, “make me your choice,”
And I entered the “Haven of Rest.”

CHORUS.

I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more ;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul ;
The Haven of Rest is my Lord

The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the old story so blest,
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the “Haven of Rest.”

How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John, the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
Secure in the “Haven of Rest.”

Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently waits
To save by his power divine ;
Come, anchor your soul in the Haven of Rest,
And say, my “Beloved is mine.”

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